VIEWS OF THE AMERICAN BOY

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE BOYS' CLUB FINDS ONE FAILING.

Here Mr. Tabor Thinks There Is Lacking the Inbred Love of Sport That Even the Poorest English Lad Has—Settlement Work Here Is More Independent.

If there is any one in New York who knows the boy that person is Francis H. Tabor, superintendent of the Boys' Club at Avenue A and Tenth street. The club occupies a five story building erected five years ago by E. H. Harriman and has a membership of approximately 10,000.

Mr. Tabor, a graduate of Cambridge University, England, came here thoroughly equipped for his work, as after his graduation he spent some years studying the problems of the great East End of London. The interview takes place in the suite of rooms at the top of the building, which affords a fine outlook across a bridge of window boxes and is only interrupted by the appearance of tea.

Mr. Tabor has an imposing crest on his lounging jacket—a section of a portcullis, the crown of Queen Margaret, patroness of his special alma mater, and the head of an eagle. He has also a serious manner and an accent which shows no diminution of British influence—dramatic unities which must prove impressive to the boy of the club.

Naturally the most interesting facts at his disposal he cannot divulge, that is the tragedy of every interview, and so as the tea is poured and drunk and alluring odors of the coming dinner are wafted through the open windows only hints are given of confidencies anent love, war and finance, which have been entrusted to him.

"These confidences are not surprising," he admits modestly, "when you realize that for years I have stood with them shoulder to shoulder and to-day there are little chaps coming to use the privileges of the 'Large Room' who are sons of the men who were members of the Boys' Club when I first came from England."

There is so much of interest in regard to this representative club that it is hard to select subjects. Mr. Tabor gives a little description of its early beginnings thirty odd years ago, its removal from the basement at St. Mark's place and Tompkins Square, its triumphs and defeats in sports and games, and, in especial, data in regard to the erection of the summer camp on Plum Island, toward the success of which the boys have worked like young Trojans, building, ploughing, planting, digging, cutting steps down a sixty foot walled cliff, making terraces, housing chickens, pigeons, bees, rabbits—superintendents and other officials as well as themselves doing every bit of the work by hand.

Then, retracing his steps a bit, Mr. Tabor compares the Boys' Club with the various establishments of a like nature in London which he studied.

"The trouble over there," he says without prejudice of place, "is the ecclesiastical supervision which hampers as well as controls. No club that I know of that anywhere nearly approaches this in size and strength has this club's freedom of thought and action.

"The result of this religious dominance is the gradual lack of interest shown by the very ones for whom the establishments have been originally erected. You take the People's Palace as an example; it has been obliged to change to an educational institution, for the poor Whitechapel tenants for whom it was designed were driven away by its restrictions. The same criticism holds good in relation to Toyneby Hall, near the heart of Whitechapel, and of Oxford House.

"Logically, I see no common sense in this point of view. You cannot give a boy as good an education at his club as he can get at school; if you can, it stands to reason that there must be something wrong with the school. The same argument holds good in regard to the church; if he can find better religious instruction at his club, why should he got to church at all? And if he doesn't go to church, what does the existence of the church signify? There should be no competition in these matters, the church has its place, the school has its place and so has the club.

"The Boys' Club here I think owes its success to the acknowledgment of that truth and to the fact that starting with that creed it has adhered to it, often in the face of objections, protests and plaints from the 'casual' visitors and from those who have the educational bee in their bonnet.

"Such visitors and well wishers are apt to end their tour of this wonderful place with a pessimistic wail that balances their adjectives of praise, 'It is too bad,' they say, 'that all this should be devoted entirely to recreation.'

"Now the word 'recreation' is a very elastic one. It does not mean idleness or noisy pursuits. It means simply that a boy is not obliged to do here anything that he does not want to do, but if he weants to do anything he can find just the place for that special tendency to work toward its development, and I have never known a boy who did not want to do something.

"As you come through the building beginning with the basement to the suite of living rooms and offices here at the top you have noticed on the doors signs reading 'Camera Club,' 'Library,' 'Natural History,' 'Drum Corps,' 'Singing Class,' 'Carpentry,' 'Printing,' 'Drawing,' &c.

"All the pursuits indicated by these and other signs have been the outgrowth of the boys' desires. We have not started an occupation and insisted that the boys should patronize it. We have waited to learn their needs and have followed them.

"When a boy comes to me, however, and says that he wishes to learn to be a carpenter and has joined the club only with that purpose in view, I tell him that he has come to the wrong place, that we do not compete with technical schools like St. George's and Cooper Union and advise him to go to one of those places. But if, with a liking for carpentry work, he wants to amuse himself and in that way develop a serious faculty, there is the room for carpentry at his disposal.

"The same rule holds good in photography; we don't teach the boys to become experts, but with a liking for the camera every facility is granted them, and the results are most satisfactory, even from the viewpoint of professional criticism."

Asked in regard to the organization of the club, Mr. Tabor explains that it is really a collection of smaller clubs within a general one, each club representing a State of a union, but with State rights in every vital matter. At present there are thirty-two of these separate clubs, each with its leader, and these thirty-two are exclusive of the Seniors' Club, which is the final destination of the members who have commenced as youngsters and remain after they are fathers of families, good citizens and often prosperous business men. Certain hours and certain rooms are allotted these clubs for their business and social meetings and no one is allowed to interfere with the arrangements of another, all, however, combining when any subject of general interest is to the fore, like the annual operetta.

"In the beginning," says Mr. Tabor, "the small boy comes here when he gets tired of playing in the street and hands out a copper. For that he gets a check which entitles him to the freedom of the Large Room, and all the games there, the only restriction being that he shall not make any more of a nuisance of himself than Nature has intended he should be at that age. At first no charge at all was made, but we found that even the payment of the copper was an antidote to carelessness, and while he could always get the cent, he would take a little care not to lose its equivalent and thus have to pay another.

"He enjoys these and many other privileges, too many to enumerate, until he leaves school and becomes a wage earner. With this change, comes always a change in his social habits. He is no longer a boy, he has come to a man's estate and he shows this by affiliating himself immediately with a gang, and the word gang does not mean that he is a hoodlum. It means that he is gregarious, that the chance chum or the single playfellow are no longer sufficient. His gang may be composed of boys who live in the same tenement or in one very near his own home, it may mean that they go to the same church, it may even mean that they all like the same girl who acts as social leader and brings along her friends for a merrymaking. The reason is not so important as the fact of the gang's existence and its power and influence on the boy's life. If there was no club, the gang would simply go to some nearby saloon, and although no boy's club has ever been able to eradicate that institution, it competes with it in interest. Instead of spending every evening there the boy only stops occasionally to get a glass of beer that he cannot get at the club, not especially because the trustees disapprove, but because it would establish a precedent that would open all sorts of difficulties that we are better without.

"The gang being formed, they foregather and seek the third floor, where they ask for a room in which to hold their meetings. The spokesman is usually a lad of assurance and complacency. At his back is a list of prospective members and a statement of 'Objects of the Club,' also a canny friend with 'Treasurer' writ large across his countenance and a shadowy background of meek duepayers. In these rooms, so set aside, follow wordy warfares, arguments, reconciliations, recriminations, arrangements for social meetings and a gradually growing feeling of fellowship for each other and for the club proper, and a feeling toward the seniors like the sentiment of those who believe in Heaven and hope to go there some day, but not just yet.

"Most of the boys in the club make early marriages and the reason thereforecomes perilously near the subject of those confessions aforementioned, for sentiment and economy are taken into account together, and the fact that as a bachelor much is exacted in the way of weekly dances, trips to Coney and other high priced amusements is oftentimes the cause why the boy of one day is the husband of the next, a change, however, which only seems to bind him closer to the club.

"The district between Twenty-third street and Houston, Second avenue and the river is the territory in which 80 per cent. of the members live, residence in this locality enabling the member to walk to the club and so save carfare. When a boy moves uptown his membership is still retained, but the authorities do not encourage new members from Harlem and other remote districts to attempt affiliation unless the hidebound promise is given and kept that attendance shall be frequent—at least two evenings a week, which is the minimum allowed.

"Many uptown residents, drummed into line by the enthusiasm of the trustees, who include among others E. H. Harriman, the president; Philip T. Dodge, Gen. W. W. Skiddy, Henry Stanford Brooks, Eliphalet N Potter, R. Bayard Cutting, Meredith Howland, Jr., Otto W. Kahn, Percy Rockefeller, Temple Bowdoin, each paid $2.50 for a ticket to the musical performance at Berkeley Lyceum last winter and expressed themselves delighted with the progress made by the forty members of the cast and chorus who have in the last five years given 'Trial By Jury,' 'Patience,' 'Pirates of Penzance,' 'Iolanthe' and recently 'The Mikado.'"

Asked regarding the difficulties in the way of keeping the club free from difficulties arising from differences of nationalities, Mr. Tabor says:

"Considering the fact that in many years residence here I have never found a member who could be classed as an American boy, if that means one whose grandfathers have been born here, I consider it remarkable that the club should be so distinctly an American boys' club, which means that the members recognize authority and appeal to it in matters crucial; they govern themselves, they are self-controlled, they ar eager and enthusiastic and grateful for their advantages—in a word, they are 'true sports.'

"The only real difficulty I have ever encountered is what I might call a lack of 'tradition of sport,' which is so inherent in the English boy and so noticeably absent here. Take a London boy, give him a holiday and he will tramp miles into the country with his chums to enjoy a game of ball. Chased off one field, he will tramp to another, and so on all day and come back tired and happy. Any difficulty that arises here seems to be big enough to act as damper to enthusiasm, a long distance, wet weather, rough ground, a lack of proper facilities.

"'Give us a running track,' the boys say, 'and then you will see'; but the track gained, the boys do not use it as they should. 'If we had a diamond we would have a fine ball nine' but the diamond gained, because it happens to be a long way off, is not as popular as we expected.

"However, this is the result of a lack of planting the right seed in the hereditary soil and it will come in time. The next generation will have that tradition of sport, and already there are many indications of its existence.

"I notice it especially in regard to the William Cary camp, where in the first days of its opening I went down with sixty boys, to find myself left alone the second day with six, even those homesick for the city but restrained by a feeling of pride from following the rest, who expected to find a second Avenue A at the seashore.

"Now we can hardly accommodate the members who want to come, and every weekend in the summer there is an enthusiastic lot of boys who take visitors about and point to their achievements.

"When I have got the boy to the point where he will wash dishes without balking I shall feel that the success of the summer camp is assured, for you know——

Saints have been calm when stretched upon the rack
And Montezuma smiled on burning coals;
But never yet did housewife notable
Greet with a smile the dawn of washing day.

"And when that time comes he will probably have arrived at an equal love of sport with his English contemporary, which is positively the only lack I can point out in his present makeup."

THE TWO GONDOLIERS. (FROM A PHOTO BY A MEMBER OF THE CAMERA CLUB.)

FRANCIS H. TABOR.

MR. TABOR RECEIVING A CONFIDENCE.

A FISHING PARTY AT THE BOYS' CAMP.

AND THEY PLAY BASEBALL.

PANGS FOR 100,000 PEOPLE

ADVICE FOR THOSE ABOUT TO JOURNEY BY SEA.

Seasickness a Malady for Which Medical Science Offers No Certain Cure—Comparative Merits of Various Popular Remedies—Not So Bad as It Seems.

According to the steamship agent 250,000 Americans will cross the Atlantic during the summer that is now upon us. In addition 10,000 will sail the Pacific, 50,000 will voyage up and down the two coasts and 100,000 or more will fare amain upon the Great Lakes. This makes in all 410,000 steamer passengers—and it is probable that fully 100,000 of them will be seasick; half of them mildly and the rest distressingly and abominably.

Considering the fact that the malady itself is no more dangerous than a stubbed toe, the symptoms of seasickness are grotesquely painful and alarming. First of all comes a faint sense of giddiness—a creepy, chilly feeling of lightheadedness.

It lasts a few moments and then upon its heels comes a sudden and overpowering nausea. Tears fill the victim's eyes, his face grows white, his whole body grows cold and clammy.

For two minutes perhaps—it seems a year—he hangs to a stanchion, surprised, paralyzed and suffering the pangs of a nameless, unearthly sort of terror. Then perhaps a kindly steward drags him to his stuffy couch, and there he lies—sometimes for twenty-four hours and sometimes for six days.

No pang known to terra firma ever equals in sheer horror the despairing, lost sensation of the seasick. At the start, as some wit has observed, the patient harbors a most horrible fear that he is going to die.

The second day, if no relief has come, he sinks into apathetic indifference and doesn't care a hang whether he dies or not. The third day, utterly exhausted and in the depths of despond, he rather hopes that death will put an end to his agonies. The fourth day he is afraid he won't die and the whole world appears as his enemy, and if he were not so hopelessly weak he would be ripe for suicide.

But for all its ludicrous horrors—they appear ludicrous, that is, through the glasses of retrospection—seasickness is by no means a dangerous affliction, and the great majority of ocean voyagers are benefited rather than harmed by the complete rest and total abstinence it enforces. People who are never seasick almost invariably eat too much at sea.

The salt air makes their appetite prodigious, the hospitable steamship company gives them plenty of opportunity to nibble between meals, and the result is that they consume, on the average, twice or thrice their normal quantity of food. The victim of mal de mer is protected from this imprudence. Instead of eating too much he abandons eating altogether. And for most normal human beings a few days fast now and then is a mighty good thing.

As every one knows seasickness is caused by the peculiar motions of a vessel at sea, but exactly how these motions act upon the bodily organism is still a matter of dispute. Some authorities say that the violent and unaccustomed movements of the stomach produce gastric disturbances, and that these disturbances cause the nausea.

Others maintain that the centre of disturbance is the central nervous system, which is demoralized by the strange impressions striking the eyes. Still others say that the circulation in the medulla oblongata is impeded, and that the result is a sort of storm in the nerves controlling the stomach.

Yet others hold that the imagination is much to blame or that the brain itself is shocked or that muscular fatigue, caused by the effort to maintain a balance, has something to do with it. As a matter of fact it is probable that all of these things help.

The first symptoms are undoubtedly purely nervous, and very frequently fear complicates them. After that the stomach rebels and there appear evidences of general exhaustion.

In the later stages, particularly when the attack is prolonged, the patient grows exceedingly weak, and not infrequently verges upon unconsciousness. Nevertheless if he is otherwise healthy he is in no danger. An hour's leg stretching ashore, followed by a square meal, makes him feel like a three-year-old again.

It is true, of course, that cases of death from seasickness have been reported, but in practically all such cases the existence of some organic disease has been indicated. One day last summer, for example, a woman was carried ashore from an Atlantic steamship, at a large American seaport, unconscious and dying.

The ship had been two weeks upon its western voyage and the woman had been seasick from the start. When she died, a few days after landing, her death was ascribed to exhaustion following mal de mer, but it was soon demonstrated, upon inquiry, that she was hopelessly ill with a fatal heart malady when she set sail.

There are a thousand and one remedies for seasickness, but not one of them is certain in its effects. The writer has found, however, that all of those commonly employed have at least one merit; they satisfy the patient's wild yearning to take something for it and so ease his mind and increase his chances of speedy recovery. A glass of water given to a nervous woman relieves her immensely—if she is led to believe that it holds in solution some powerful and subtle specific.

Of preventive measures there are illimitable hosts—some utterly absurd and others often effective. As a general thing a landsman who essays to sail the briny deep should prepare for the ordeal by taking small doses for two or three days of some mild aperient—preferably one of the less ardent bitter waters.

As soon as you experience the first symptoms of discomfort, no matter how slight they may be, go to your cabin and stretch yourself at full length on the couch on one side, with your face to the wall, and shut your eyes.

If you use any pillow at all let it be a flat one so that your head is not elevated. Then try to sleep—a thing that is nearly always possible at sea. If all of this makes you feel comfortable—well and good. If, on the contrary, nausea seizes you in spite of it, then there is nothing to do but resign yourself to the inevitable.

The bromides, chloral, cocaine, chloroform and various other drugs are useful in combating some of the more violent symptoms of seasickness, but it is plain that the sufferer should not take them without the advice of the ship's surgeon. Various wines and liquors are also recommended by certain authorities, but to be effective they must be taken in large quantities.

Their action, then, is briefly this: the patient grows thoroughly and gloriously drunk and sinks into a comfortable, but boozy sleep. On awakening he is seasick again, and in addition suffers the disquieting pangs of the malady commonly denominated katzenjammer.

But an exception must be made in favor of champagne, which, under certain circumstances, is very effective in relieving the violent nausea. Its effect, however, is chiefly due to its carbonic acid gas, and practically the same measure of relief is attainable by the use of soda water.

A ship's surgeon of long experience once told the writer that he regarded it as useless, and even harmful, to try to check the initial vomiting.

"Leave the patient to his misery and his gloomy thoughts," he said, "for a couple of hours. By that time his stomach will be empty. Then give him a large goblet of warm water, which will be at once ejected.

"After that give him half a drachm of bromide of potassium in as large a quantity of water as he seems capable of swallowing. If the bromide solution is concentrated it will make him vomit again, but if it is dilute enough he will retain it.

"Put him to bed and an hour or so later give him another dose. Nine times out of ten he will drop off to sleep—and awake well and hungry."

The testimony of others indicates that this treatment is effective enough in comparatively mild weather, but when a great storm is raging and the ship is wallowing in the trough of huge waves it is ordained of fate that the majority of passengers shall be sick, and so long as the storm continues it is impossible to do more than give them sleeping draughts and make them comfortable.

Making them comfortable, of course, includes paying some attention to their general bodily functions.

It cannot be too strongly urged that the growing custom among squeamish ocean voyagers of taking so-called sedatives and sleeping powders for the relief of mal de mer is dangerous and foolish. Cocaine, morphine and similar depressants are contained in most of these elixirs. Such things are effective enough when administered by a qualified physician, but their employment in an unscientific and haphazard manner is extremely risky.

Morphine, for example, undoubtedly accomplishes one desirable end—it makes the seasick sufferer sleep—but its other effects are often disastrous. In many persons, indeed, it excites rather than abates vomiting, and in practically all its action upon the heart is unfavorable. In consequence the prudent voyager will steer clear of all bracers which contain it.

Cocaine, chloroform, chloral and other things of that sort are equally open to objection. It is the theory of those who recommend them that they deaden the abdominal sensitiveness of the stomach lining and thus stop the nausea.

This is true enough, but it is also true, first, that their effects are not limited to the stomach, and, secondly, that in healthy persons the vomiting of seasickness is by no means alarming.

It would be interesting to make a list of the various drugs recommended by professional and lay observers for seasickness. It includes all the bromides, all the anodynes, narcotics, opiates and anæsthetics and a thousand and one other fearsome things. In addition there is a long catalogue of mechanical devices designed to combat the same dread malady.

One man urges voyagers to wear tight belts; another tells them to apply ice bags to their backs; another puts his trust in hot water bags applied to the neck; yet another sounds the praises of massage. Not one of these measures has a sound theory at the bottom of it, and not one has been shown to be efficacious in practice.

As a matter of fact, every ocean traveller must work out his salvation for himself. Let him seek the position which seems most comfortable to him and let him try to go to sleep. If he succeeds it is highly probable that he will awake much relieved. If he fails—well, seasickness is far from being as bad as it feels.

UNCLE SAM'S GOOD EXAMPLE.

Government Exhibit at Jamestown the Only One Ready.

No mismanagement at Jamestown can take away the charm of the Southern landscape, the noble stretch of waters in Chesapeake Bay and Hampton Roads, the lines of smooth sea beach shining yellow in the sunlight, the dark green of the masses of Southern pines and the brilliant beauty of the electric lights of the exposition gleaming across the bay at nightfall.

The naval display, which is the contribution of the United States and of several foreign nations, is already imposing, and it reflects more credit upon the Government than upon the managers of the exposition, declares the *Outlook*, to say that the United States Government Building is the only one on the fair grounds entirely finished, with its displays completely arranged and in full running order.

The success of this particular feature of the exposition cannot fail to give the visitor renewed confidence in the ability and efficiency of Government officials and the magnitude of the business Uncle Sam is engaged in.

If, when the exposition is in full running order, any private corporation maintains an exhibit more complete, more picturesque, more entertaining, more instructive or better displayed and managed than that of the United States Post Office Department we shall be very much surprised. The disappointment of more than one early visitor to the exposition has been changed into satisfaction by this one exhibit.

HOW TO EAT AN ORANGE.

Problem Solved Various Ways in Various Lands.

How is an orange to be eaten is the problem that a Berlin writer tries to solve by describing the customs of various countries. A grumpy old naval officer is quoted as saying: "I prefer to eat mine in a bathtub." He undoubtedly indicated the difficulty which restrains many persons from attacking the luscious fruit in public.

The Italian takes his orange in the most matter of fact way of any nationality. To him it is a fruit, not a problem. He is not the victim of self-consciousness, and dripping fingers or lips or even a golden stain on his shirt bosom does not embarrass him.

So he simply breaks the skin, peels back an area or it and bites into the delicious pulp with simple sincerity. But he does not swallow the flesh of the orange; only the juice. No consideration of table manners would induce him to tax his stomach with the fibre after he had pressed out the sweetness between his teeth.

The tropical countries of Spanish America are credited with a manner all their own of solving the orange proposition. Their fruit is of the thin skinned, loosely adhering species.

An equatorial circle is drawn about the yellow globe with a deftness of touch that avoids all the fruity parts. The skin is then turned back toward the polar regions in the form of an inverted cup. Then the orange is cut through.

Each half stays balanced on the cup of skin by which the operator holds it as he bites away the loosely clinging segments one by one—first having removed the seeds with his silver knife.

In North America, the German authority says, the majority of people simply cut the orange amidships "with a knife specially prepared with a saw edge." Next a layer of sugar is plastered over it. Then the pulp and juice are dug out of the peel, section by section, with silver or gold spoons specially fabricated for the purpose and known as orange spoons.

The United States is further credited with a way of dealing with the orange in combination which atones for the wickedness of eating it with sugar. This dish is prepared by skinning the orange thoroughly, every particle of the white lining of the skin being removed. Then it is cut up and mixed with slices of banana and sometimes strips of sweet apples. Sugar may be used on this, and the dish is laid on ice until it is very cold.

It may be flavored with a glass of sherry or a little rum or with a dash of maraschino. The fragrance and taste of these mingled fruits are a joy to the soul in the summer.

In Germany the orange is usually placed on the table whole. No man is ever known to tackle one, but some woman will often take pity on her side partner, extricate the fruit from the skin and share it with him.

The German way is to pass the fruit knife around the orange from one pole to near the other several times, dividing the skin into eight or ten sections. These are then stripped back like the petals of a flower and the natural sections of the orange are freed from each other and spread out in the hollow of the skin.

They can then be detached without a struggle and eaten without the shedding of a drop of juice.

In England only the juice is used in polite society. The orange is cut in two and the attack is made on it with a spoon.

France has no canon of orange eating, but it has a specialty in the consumption of orangeade. This is made by squeezing the juice from the orange with a little of the aromatic essence from the peel. This is mixed with water, cooled and sweetened and is said to be quite as refreshing and far more healthful than lemonade.

It is a beverage particularly relished by the German Emperor. William II. is said to drink a goblet of pure juice of sweet oranges every night before going to bed, especially when he is on his yacht.

WHEN CHIPMUNKS SING.

Vocalize in Spring at a Rate of 130 Chirps a Minute.

The chipmunk is not usually considered much of a songbird, but according to Ernest Thompson Seton he is quite a success in a vocal rôle.

In Manitoba the chipmunk comes above ground about the first or second week of April, says Mr. Seton in *Success*. Mounted on some log or root, it reiterates a loud, chirpy "Chuck-chuck-chuck!" Other chipmunks run forth into the sunlight, and seeking some perch add their "chuck-chuck-chuck," to the spring salute. They are active from this time of the year on, and their sunny morning chorus is not by any means confined to that original outburst. On April 29, 1905, at Cos Cob, I heard a chipmunk in full song. He kept it up for eleven minutes without ceasing, and uttered 130 chirps to the minute. He got no reply, though he worked very hard and seemed tired toward the last. On May 28, 1905, at Cos Cob, I heard a chipmunk singing. He kept it up for three minutes, uttering three chirps to the second.

Hardness of Tantalum.

From the Scientific American.

Tantalum has been hammered into sheets which are extremely hard.

Sir William Crookes, F. R. S., states that "a hole had to be bored through a plate of this metal and a diamond drill was used, revolving at the rate of 5,000 revolutions per minute. This whirling force was continued ceaselessly for three days and nights, when it was found that only a small depression 0.25 millimetre deep had been drilled, and it was a moot point which had suffered the more damage—the diamond or the tantalum."